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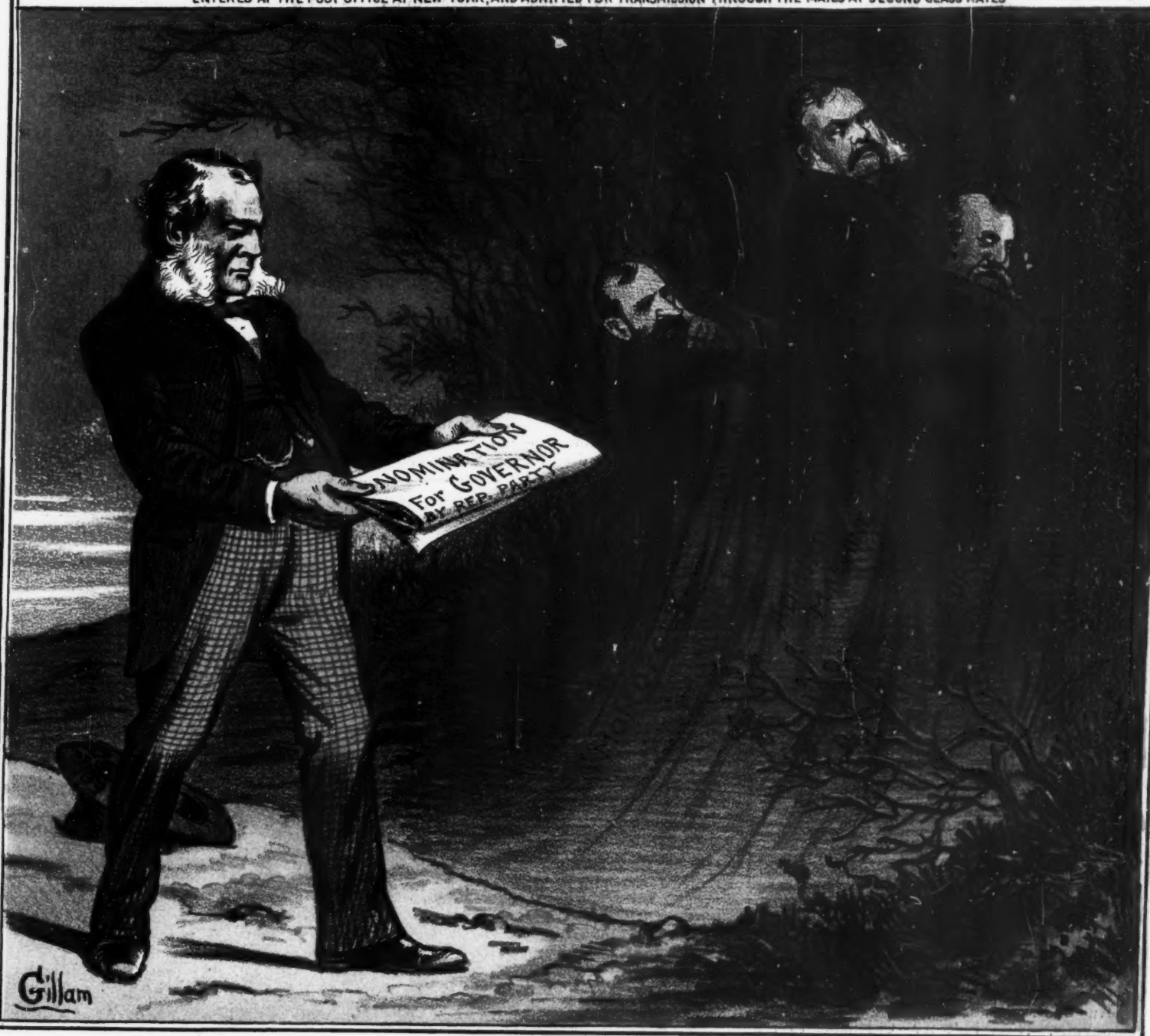


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"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES"



A FATAL GIFT.
Its Acceptance Will Kill the Party.

PUCK.
OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Among the people of this country there is deep disgust enough with our political system to furnish a basis for a revolution. It grows every day; it is swollen by every such exposure of the corruption within corruption which disgraces every political party and every division of every party. When it ferments it will be a strong brew for the place-holders and the wire-pullers. What has just happened in this state ought to hasten the fermentation. We all know that our rulers are corrupt—corrupt with a corruption that would startle even a Russian tax-gatherer. But things must have got to a very bad pass when these thieves dispense wholly with that traditional honor which ought to be preserved in their dealings with each other. A very bad pass for them, we mean. It is a good thing for us, the suffering people. These thieves could hold together so long as they stole from us only: when they begin to cheat each other, the end of their day is near.

We have had a "fraudulent President"—now we have a "fraudulent" nominee for governor of the State of New York—a man who receives the nomination of a great party for a very important office under such circumstances that the very best thing he can do is to decline it. His acceptance puts him in the light of a stock-jobber's tool and the decoy-duck of a patronage trading administration. And the nomination does not belong to him, anyway. Nice, isn't it? Creditable to the

country and the state. Agreeable to American citizens traveling abroad and desiring to drop by the wayside a few casual remarks about the effete despotisms of Europe. Perhaps some day it will occur to the American to stay at home and help to put this business to rights.

More slaughter on the road controlled by Mr. Vanderbilt. One would have thought, after the Spuyten Duyvil butchery, that precautions would have been taken to prevent a recurrence of such a horror. But the officials of the road are shrewd men; they know that in the rush of events the public soon forgets, and no effort is made to render travel safe. To speak of collisions of this kind as accidents is a mere euphemism. They are not accidents, but the result of positively criminal negligence, for which those really responsible ought, indeed, be made to answer for. A smash-up ought to be next to impossible on this great highway of travel, and would be so if the railroad were not conducted in a disgracefully parsimonious manner.

The recent deadly episode is familiar to everybody. We learn by it that there is no proper system of signals, and that trains are allowed to run after one another in a reckless, happy-go-lucky manner—their getting safely to or from the station being a mere matter of chance; and yet there are flags and levers, and wires and telegraphs, which are supposed to insure safety, but only, it appears, when there is no occasion for it. When there is real danger these so-called signals don't work; and how can they be expected to work when the whole system is in charge of a boy seventeen or eighteen years old, and the sole brakeman on a train is a youngster whose duty it is to carry water to thirsty passengers? But of what use is protest?

Small boys will continue to be employed in responsible positions at starvation salaries. Trains will run into one another at irregular intervals; passengers will be killed, wounded and maimed. The papers will have long articles on the subject, and inquests will probably reveal the fact that three-year-old babies are conductors and train despatchers. There is no remedy, and the people must submit. The reason of this is very clear. The only remedy against accident is by stringent laws passed by the legislature. But how can stringent laws be

passed by the legislature so long as the system of lobbying is permitted? A railroad monopolist can do as he pleases with the legislators. He can buy them as if they were so many baskets of peaches, and it is safe to bet that those he purchases will not vote to increase the working expenses of his railroad.

We will leave the railroad monopolist without further dwelling on his deeds, and without making any comparison, beyond what is seen in our cartoon, of the care that he bestows on the many patrons of his road contrasted with the solicitude he shows for his own safety, and make a remark or two about the arch-monopolist, Mr. Jay Gould. Where and when is this gentleman going to stop, for he has half the railroads and nearly all the telegraphs in his hands? It is impossible to say how long it may be before all our news may pass through the filtering fingers of Mr. Jay Gould to put it in proper condition for perusal by the public. It may be now going through this process for aught we know to the contrary; indeed, it seems highly probable, if we are to judge by the excitement among the newspapers that form the Associated Press. But the public must not be alarmed; we will take care of it. No grinding monopolist can get control of us, even if he offers to divide his millions with us. So that if Mr. Jay Gould will only dole out to the newspapers such news as may suit his purpose, Puck, at his independent stand, will let everybody know what is going on in spite of any monopoly that was ever organized.

The purification of politics is a theme to which many journals are in the habit of consecrating an occasional article, which generally takes the form of an appeal to the young men of the country to "come to the front." Nothing is even said about what they are to do at "the front" when they have got there, and the location of "the front" is but dimly indicated. And there are times when, looking at the unsalted generation of young men growing up about us, with their loud clothes, their easy vulgarity, their ridiculous hats, their ignorance, their toothpick shoes and their ready acquiescence in the popular doctrine that a citizen has no duties which he is bound to respect—there are times when we think that the best front these young men could go to would be the front of the pit of Tophet, and that we should like to stand behind them and push them in.



JAYGOULDAGRAMS.*

If we are to believe the *Herald* and other papers, most of the telegraphic news sent through the Associated Press must be approved of by Mr. Jay Gould before it can be given to the public.

Mr. Jay Gould is quite right, and he ought to be hailed as a benefactor and reformer, instead of being roundly abused. He has not secured all the telegraphs to make money out of them; he's above anything of that sort; his object is a laudable one. He does not wish the public to be misled by false news. He knows the evil of distorted facts and highly-colored statements in Wall Street, and he will no longer stand by and see people ruined and corrupted by the mendacious telegrams that the Associated Press foists on the community.

Those who say that the news would be altered to suit Mr. Gould's little speculations and financial operations do not know the gentleman as well as we do.

We are certain that nothing of the kind would be done.

It is true he might alter a sentence occasionally, just to make it clearer to the reader, and smooth down with a graceful turn of phrase any unpleasant intelligence, but he would go no further in that way.

Of course, if Mr. Gould heard that hostilities had broken out between the Calmucks and the Coreans, who, allied with the Hottentots, were contemplating an invasion of the North Pole, he might suppress such news altogether, and no rightminded man could say that he would not be perfectly justified in so doing.

In the first place he would save the public from the scourge of war-maps.

The effect of these things upon the brains of mankind is pronounced by eminent physicians to be most injurious, and at the present time there are thousands of incurable cases of war-mapomania in lunatic asylums throughout the country.

Again, with what calmness and placidity could people pass their days if Mr. Gould refused to allow dramatic items or movements to appear in the papers!

A man would then go to the theatre and find out for himself what a play was about without being beholden to the newspapers for his opinions, especially as each critic generally takes a different view of the subject.

Then what heart-burnings, jealousies and anxieties it would save poor humanity. It might never know what actress's diamonds were stolen, or who was run away with, or thrown out of a carriage, or what lovely and accomplished society belle was about to go on the stage to play *Juliet* to seven *Romeos*.

Another reason why the control of Mr. Gould over the Associated Press ought to be hailed with joy is that, by suppressing news that would make people feel uncomfortable, he can give mankind the opportunity of enjoying life in a way that would be impossible if news was to be indiscriminately circulated.

For instance, if a man out West bought a thousand shares of Western Union at 89, and Mr. Gould in his wisdom allowed it to fall to say 50, think how much happier that holder would be if he knew nothing of the fluctuations or change in value of the stock until a month or two after. He might then find himself ruined; but look at the delightful time he had while ignorant of the fact, all owing to Mr. Gould's humane foresight.

There is, in short, no limit to the benefits that will accrue to society by Mr. Gould's complete control of the news; indeed, this was about the only thing wanted to turn the United States into Elysium Fields.

* Name invented by the *New Haven Register*.

THE CAUSE OF THE LATE FURIOUS EQUINOCTIAL.



JUPITER PLUVIUS, AROUSED BY THE PROHIBITION HOWLERS, GIVES THEM MORE "TEMPERANCE" THAN THEY WANT.

WHY, CERTAINLY.

OUR E. C., the *World*, prints an editorial entitled "Why not Protect the Farmers?" Well, why not? Should not the farmers be protected as well as any one else? Have they not many grievances? Of course they have, and they ought to be protected in many ways. They ought to be protected against sharpers when they visit the city, and they ought to be protected against the Summer visits of city people, whose friendship only lasts through the heated term. Then they ought to be protected against the pie they eat at every meal, and the boys who steal their apples and watermelons, and political candidates that go among them saying they are standing on a platform of turnips and everlasting parsnips. Oh, yes, the farmers ought to be protected against the depredations of Indians and invasions of the potato bug. They ought also to be protected against fever-and-ague, and the traveling circus, and the queer minstrel show, and the peripatetic book agent, and the thousand other rural nuisances that the farmer is heir to.

A TOUR DE FORCE—Traveling through with the funds of the bank.

Puckings.

THE HEATED TERM—Hades!

A RUM PUNCH—London *Punch*.

A PLACE OF INTEREST—The Savings Bank.

THE RECENT earthquake in St. Louis is attributed by scientists to the advent of a Chicago belle who wears a number nineteen shoe.

THE REAL dog-days are the days upon which dogs can roam through the streets without any fear, threats or compulsion of or from the said dog-catchers.

POOL SELLING has begun at Hunter's Point. That's right; keep it up until you have sold out all those loftily perfumed pools in the neighborhood which savor of Arabi the blest.

YOU NEVER know how much water an umbrella is capable of containing until you accidentally stand it against the wall and on the pearl-colored carpet that cost five dollars per yard.

"ONE TICKET to Salt River, if you please, and no, you needn't give me a seat in the palace car, thank you, I'll ride on the back platform, where I can drop off easy."

—Judge Folger.

A CASHIER on his vacation was arrested for robbing his employers of fifteen hundred dollars. This teaches that those who are anxious to enjoy their employers' wealth should annex with an extensive aggregation of shekels a perpetual vacation.

THE NEW YORK policy artists and lottery athletes think that the recent unexpected visit of the District Attorney's lictors to their studios will have a disastrous effect on the Democratic cause. No, gentlemen, not half such a disastrous effect as Mr. Kelly's connection with the party.

AN EGG POLKA has been composed in Berlin, the music of which just lasts long enough to boil an egg properly. We may now expect to hear of a veal cutlet waltz and a porterhouse steak lancers; but, to cook the average boarding-house Spring chicken, we fear that nothing less than a performance of "Parsifal" will indicate the time necessary to prepare it sufficiently.

A MAN STUCK his head into the office the other day, and shouted:

"Can the house-dog pawn his watch? Can't you always tell a toper by his gin phiz? When a man raises the ante too often doesn't it drive him to his uncle the next day? Why is Candahar like—?"

"Walk in," broke in the editor: "glad to meet you, Mr. Burnand." And, turning to the proof reader, he said: "Mr. Beekman, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Burnand, Editor of the London *Punch*."

PLUMBER'S ARITHMETIC:

3 times 1 is	7
3 times 2 is	11
3 times 3 is	15
3 times 4 is	22
3 times 5 is	29
3 times 6 is	37
3 times 7 is	52
3 times 8 is	74
3 times 9 is	96
3 times 10 is	142
3 times 11 is	198
3 times 12 is	286

HIS MISSION.

He was a curious-looking individual with long æsthetic hair, a slouch hat pretty well faded out, and a light overcoat buttoned right up to his palate. His shoes were fastened on with heavy cord, and his lavender trousers contrasted dismally with the dead gold vest that he wore over his light overcoat. He stood at the door of the sanctum, when the editor said:

"Walk right in, sir, and sit down and have a smoke. Here's a Henry Clay."

The man walked in, took a seat, accepted the proffered cigar, lighted it and tipped his chair back against the wall.

"Now, then, for business," chimed the editor: "I guess I'll try a pair of suspenders, and the ones I have on will do for razor-strops. They are all fixed with wire, and I need a new pair. Let's see some worth about fifty cents."

"I have no suspenders," replied the man.

"Well, let's see your soap. My wife told me this morning to get some tar soap to wash the dog. I use tar soap on the dog, and honey soap on the family, and I will take six cakes of the latter. Now, then, rattle out your wares, and let me see what you have in the way of shaving-soap; I might as well lay in a stock."

"I am not selling soap, sir, I—"

"Oh, all right," broke in the editor: "I beg your pardon, I see you are a book agent, and I am simply dying to get up a library. Give me 'Grant's Tour Around the World,' 'Coppleston's Æschylus,' 'Volney's Ruins,' 'Davies's Hesiod and Theogonus,' and 'Lanigan's Life of Andrew Jackson.'"

"Do you think I am selling books?" inquired the caller, as he blew airy rings of smoke in the air.

"Of course not. I can see by your intelligent look that you came in here to tell me how to run the paper, and I am really much obliged to you, because I don't know what I'm about, and I am longing for some one to guide me. The other day I got the latest news on the inside, and a silly story on the front, page, and last week I left out a lot of paying advertisements to make room for poetry. I am always making disastrous errors, and some day I shall surely be swamped if I am allowed to go on alone. Now, what would you charge to become my guardian?"

"You are mistaken. I just stepped in to—"

"Ask me who I think will be the next President," broke in the editor: "didn't you? Now own up."

"No, sir, I did not."

"Then you are a theatrical agent, are you? All right, fish out your complimentary tickets, and tell me all about your establishment, troupe and specialties for the coming season, and I shall take great pleasure in giving you a good send-off. Now just give me the name of your star tragedian or fine-eater, or whatever he is, and we may make arrangements to have his picture on the front page for ten dollars in advance."

"Sir!" yelled the visitor, heading the editor off: "I am not a book agent, and I don't want to tell you how to run your paper, and I don't want you to tell me who you think will be our next President, and I am not a theatrical man and am not hunting for notices."

"Then perhaps you are a poet. I hope you are, because we are in need of poetry at present. We would like a translation of Goethe's 'Erl King' and Schiller's 'Globe.' We haven't had a translation of either of these poems offered us for two weeks, and we are sadly in need of them. If you have them with you, we will give a dollar and a half for the pair. We are also in need of a tooth-powder poet, to write advertising verses. If you are out of work, we will give you six dollars a week to write our verses, run errands and sweep out the—"

"I am no poet, I—"

"I see," broke in the editor: "I see I was way at sea; but let me state that I am the author of any article in the paper that doesn't suit you, and, if you want satisfaction, I will lend you a cowhide to sail into me with. I have several here. Have you any particular choice as to color? How would a navy-blue suit you?"

"I came in here to lay a scheme before you," replied the visitor.

"What is the nature of your scheme?" inquired the editor, with a smile.

"It is this: Thousands and thousands of young men are getting bald all around us, and I have discovered that an oil made of crushed mosquitos will cause hair to grow where there are no roots. It will only cost about two cents a gallon to make it in the regular mosquito season, and there is a colossal fortune staring the manufacturer in the face. Now, if you will let me have, say two dollars, I will hie me forth to the salt meadows of New Jersey, catch the mosquitos, and by this time to-morrow will hand you a sample bottle of this great golden discovery. We can make an independent fortune. Twenty per cent of the young men are getting bald, and every man in this condition will not hesitate to buy a bottle on sight. We will call it Smith's Essence of Mosquito, and have verses in this style:

"No wise man e'er can veto
Smith's Essence of Mosquito."

"Now for the two dollars."

"I have no time to talk to-day," said the editor, preparing to go to work.

"No time to talk, eh? No time to talk? Then you won't go in?"

"No sir."

"You don't want to make a fortune?"

"No sir; rich people are always unhappy."

"Then you have no faith in Smith's Essence of Mosquito?"

"I have not."

"Then if you have no faith in Smith's Essence of Mosquito, have you faith in anything? In other words, do you think you can cure anything by faith?"

"I do."

"Then I'll get you a big job. I have a friend who has two million pounds of green bacon. Now, if you can cure bacon by faith—"

But the editor jumped and made a kick, which missed the tramp and almost knocked a panel out of the door; and the inventor of Smith's Essence of Mosquito went down on a wharf and smoked what there was left of the editor's Henry Clay.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HOME FROM THE COUNTRY.



SHE:—"Ugh! How ugly and black you look!"
HE:—"Jove! You have harvested freckles enough to last all Winter."

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXLIV.

IN TOWN.



Ya-as, we are back ffrom Newport, having weturned to our wesidence in town, and have the pwospect of aw passing the Wintah he-ah.

The season at Newport closed in a tolerwably agweeable mannah, although we became a little wearwied of

the continual wound of feasting and what is generwally weferwed to as gaiety. But still I did not object to our lengthy sojourn, because it agweed with the b-boy.

Aw just befaw leaving Sir Wichard Temple called, having bwrought a lettah of intwoduction ffrom Dilke, Sir Charles, ye know. I wassorwy I couldn't ask him to dinnah, but I shall pwobably have an opportunity of offerwing him some attention in New York.

I do not know that there is anything twan-spirwing, just at pwesent, that the world takes any particulah interwest in. I am aware that there is election appwoaching, durwing which, among severw hundred othah officers, a Governah of the aw State of New York is to be chosen.

But then there is always some descwription of election in pwogwess: faw a Governah, or a Pwesident, or an Alderman, or a Mayor, or something of the sort, that it is an old storwy, and does not cause a shadow of a wipple to pass acwoss my bwain.

And yet my fwriends tell me that the issue is a verwy gweat one, and each candidate faw the position of Governah has a millionaire with an unlimited supply of barwels of gweenbacks to support him.

But I have also heard this storwy wepeatedly, both ffrom Wepublicans and Democwats, thus, aw ye see, it is impossible that I can, undah the circumstances, take the twouble to discovah the wights or the wongs of the contest. I appwehend, howevah, that the Amerwican people must spend the gweatah portion of their existence in electioneerwing, faw, 'pon my life, the work nevah appe-ahs to be finished.

I have weceived anothah lettah ffrom Jack Carnegie. He is still at Cairwo. Hewecom-mends to my perwusal some of the leading articles in the forwign pwess on the Egyptian twouble, and England's position in the mattah.

I don't think that I shall follow his advice, faw I have a pwetty fai-ah ide-ah of the difference between the formah and pwesent sentiment of some of the Continental and Amerwican pwess scwibblahs.

Gweat Bwitain was descwibed as a totterwing powah and as having no wight to interfere-ah in the Egyptian question; but now she has disposed of Arabi in a verwy bwief perwiod, the newspapah wintahs have verwy little to say, and the gweat powahs of Eurwope still less aw.

WHEN SOUNDS the robin's parting note,
Man saves up for an overcoat.

YOUNG MAN, if you are light overcoatless, don't sit down and worry about it; just button your jacket up and walk like a windmill, with a cane in your hand, and every one will think you are a British swell. If you can't raise a Winter overcoat when the cold weather sets in, work the same game and you will be all right, provided, of course, that you wear nobby canary kids.

THE COUNTRY CONGRESSMAN.



AT HOME—THE BIGGEST MAN IN TOWN.



IN WASHINGTON—NOT MUCH OF ANYBODY.

CHESTERFIELD IN SANTA FÉ.

SANTA FÉ N M Sept 22nd 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You are a bigger Liar than George Washington, the biggest outside of prison, if you ever come this way bring along a coffin and a few stub nails. Call at southwest Corner of plaza and if you are afraid to trust your Mug up stairs in our office just drop in underneath and our friend mister Mcalroy who keeps saloon will fix you a hot toddy with arcentic enough to make it beneficial for the community.

Yours with terror

MICKEN A STHURK.

P. S Please publish or print the above if pleasing I will watch to see it—

The postscript to your missive, Mr. Micken A. Sthurk, is so polite by contrast with the main communication, that we feel it would be slighting a gentleman of your culture, lineage and refinement not to print both. We fully appreciate the subtle humor and truth of the complimentary remark that we are "a bigger Liar than George Washington"; but then as our excessive modesty brings blushes to our cheek at such unlooked-for flattery, we turn pale and tremble when we read further and learn, to our dismay, that we are "the biggest outside of prison," and feel compelled to give up attempting a solution of this part of the joke. We are rejoiced to hear that New Mexico does not allow itself to be outdone in hospitality by any other part of the Union, and we certainly, when passing your way, shall avail ourselves of your kind invitation, not forgetting, at the same time, to try the flavor of your friend Mither Mcalroy's toddy, "with arcentic enough to make it beneficial for the community," although we have no doubt that Santa Fé whiskey is sufficiently effective without the addition of "arcentic." As we are strong advocates of cremation, it would be against our principles to carry a coffin as part of our baggage, so we shall not encumber ourselves with stub nails. Now, Mither Micken A. Sthurk—for that is as near as we, with the assistance of the proof reader, can get to your name—when you have finished preparations for our reception, suppose you come on first to New York for a little, and, as becomes a patriot, pass your time in searching for the Irish Skirmishing Fund. You need not carry a coffin, but you can bring what brains you may have on hand with you. Fear not, we don't wish

to blow them out; that is not our way. We want you to keep them—to hold on to them—so that we can explain to you the meaning of the amusing story entitled: "No Rint," which appeared in PUCK, of September 20th, and has obviously aroused the hot blood of the Sthurks, late of Ireland, but now of Santa Fé, New Mexico, bedad!

SOME ONE has invented a new glass cellar-light which, instead of being convex slightly at the top and flattened below, is pendent, flat on one side, rounded on the other, and bent in a slight angle. We give the description, so that the reader may know exactly what to look for. A new cellar-light is a long-felt want, and intelligence of this invention will fall like a gentle benison on the soul of the man who has had to go down to the cellar at night, and who has mashed his head on a beam and tripped over soap-boxes while holding a candle in one hand and shoveling coal into the scuttle with the other.

ON PUCK.

In times corrupt and out of joint—
Like these—'tis good to find
One that, undaunted, dares to point
The follies of mankind.
From Fashion's vices free he is,
And never keeps, a day, on
Its senseless garb, but does his biz
Clad in a modest—crayon!
We love, and with no passing whim,
This sans culotte-y youth,
Whose very name 's a synonym
For Wit and fearless Truth.
When meddling noses poke about,
Bold PUCK is sure to tweak 'em;
And is, in every case of doubt,
The truest cave mecum.
Monopolist and mountebank
Alike he lays his hand on,
Nor leaves intriguing crook nor crank
A single leg to stand on.
In vain "cold decks" are "set" by those
Whose souls so oft he ruffles;
He 's sharper than his sharper foes,
And cuts, whoever shuffles.
Nor let the wicked idly scoff,
While envy's pang he feels,
If even PUCK sometimes gets off
His base—and goes ON WHEELS.
Upon the ladder's topmost rung
Long may he keep his revel—
The sauciest sprite that ever flung
Defiance at the devil!

MISS LUM.

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

V.
NEWSPAPER VOCABULARY.

HOLOCAUST.—Runaway team.
POLITICAL NEWS.—Same old dose.
EPITHALAMIUM.—Funeral sermons.
STRONG MEN WEPT.—Boy sniveled.
LEARNED COUNSEL.—Tombs shyster.
SOCIETY NEWS.—Impertinent guesses.
SOCIETY BELLE.—Old maid with bonds.
SOCIETY MAN.—Loafer with rich father.
BEASTLY INTOXICATION.—Plebeian drunk.
POLITICAL HACK.—Impecunious politician.
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—Manifold-writer.
SUDDEN ATTACK OF VERTIGO.—Patrician drunk.
PATRICIAN ELEMENT.—Men with decent clothes.
MODEST DOMICILE.—Frame shanty on the rocks.
TERRIBLE AFFRAY.—Tenement-house squabble.
HOSPITABLE MANSION.—Side-table for reporters.
AGONIZING CONFLAGRATION.—Fire in a lumber yard.
WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN.—A Notorious gambler.
ACCOMPLISHED ARTIST.—Treated to two schooners.
NOBLE-HEARTED PUBLICAN.—Opened a bottle of Cliquot.
JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.—Appropriating a rival's copy.
STATELY RESIDENCE.—Twenty-foot house on the Avenue.
HARD-HANDED SONS OF TOIL.—Corner-grog-shop loafers.
DISTRESSING FRATRICIDE.—Negro killing his mother-in-law.
LUXURIOUS HOME.—Three-story brick house on side street.
PARTY IN QUESTION.—The person identified and convicted.
PEOPLE'S FAVORITE.—Candidate running on free beer and whiskey galore. MANAT.

AN ECONOMICAL man has discovered what he is pleased to term a bedroom electric light. It consists of a salt codfish nailed up against the wall where the light can shine upon it all day. The phosphorus absorbs the light, and the two go into partnership and illuminate the room all night. Thus we are taught how for a mere twenty-five cents we may dispense with that grinding monopoly known as the gas company

JOURNALISTIC SPORTING ENTERPRISE.

PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FAMOUS CHAMPIONS.



MR. LE GRAND O'REILLY.
Backed by the Christian Weekly.

Mr. Le Grand O'Reilly was born in Ireland, and always kept so far ahead of the landlord pecuniarily that he got the reputation of being a pedestrian. He won several victories over local celebrities on the Curragh of Kildare and at Carrickmacross. During the No Rint excitement he came to America—ran off to beat the landlord, and did—and is now under the auspices of the *Christian Weekly*, which offers to back him against Rowell or any other man living.

Mr. Plug Westervelt was born in Warwickshire on the 4th of June, 1855. He stands five feet eight inches, and weighs, when in condition, about one hundred and fifty-four pounds. His first appearance in the ring was with Posh Jenkins, Esq., of Birmingham, for £5 a side. Plug secured the cash in just eight minutes, four rounds being fought. His next fight was with Yaller Sam, Esq., for £10 a side. The mill came off in the London District, and was won by Mr. Westervelt in thirty minutes, his opponent being unable to respond for the eighth



MR. PLUG WESTERVELT.
Backed by the Christian at Work.

round. After this his friends offered to pit him against Batt Higgins, Esq., of Woolwich. The match fell through, the Woolwich man paying forfeit. His next move was to challenge any man in England. His defi was accepted by Blowgun Perry, Esq., the Wolverhampton glassblower, and they came together at Beggar's Bush, on a raw, cold morning in April, '78. Having fought an hour and a-half, the police put in an appearance, and the affair ended in a draw. It was patent to all that Mr. Westervelt was besting Mr. Perry at the time the police stopped the festivities, and it was decided by the former's friends to have the men come together again. They met in May,

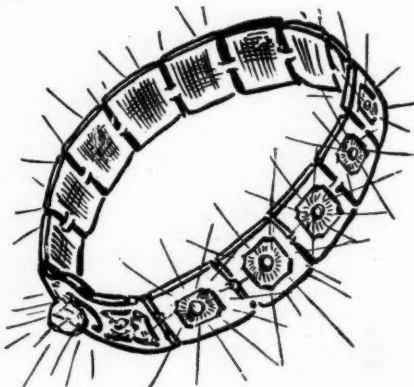
on Lord Aylesford's grounds, and fought for £200, which was awarded Mr. Westervelt at the end of the eighty-fourth round. As the Prince of Wales and a number of noblemen were present, an official account of the fight was never printed. After this battle Mr. Westervelt retired from the ring, and gave sparring exhibitions under canvas all through England. He is considered thoroughly game, and one of the best two-handed fighters ever seen in the ring. He was recently brought to this country by the *Christian at Work* to fight the American champion, but no match has yet been made. He is at present driving a tract wagon for the *Christian at Work*, and is known as the "*Christian at Work* Champion."



MISS LILY MILLS.

Owned by the Christian Intelligencer.

This well-known fighting canine has been before the public for some time. She first won recognition by the prowess she displayed in her great fight with Senator Riley's Zuleika, which came off at Boston, and was for \$500 a side. Since that victory she has not been able to get on a match with any other fighter. The *Christian Intelligencer* offers to match Miss Mills with any other animal living for any amount up to \$25,000.



THE *Independent's* CHAMPION BELT.

The above trophy is one of the handsomest and most elaborate of its kind extant. It was manufactured at a cost of two thousand dollars for the *Independent* by Taffany. It is made of solid coin silver, with ivy leaves and lilies of the valley chased on a gold ground. The gold is rivetted to the silver with nickel screws, in the head of each one of which is a diamond. A large diamond weighing twenty carats is set in the front just over the buckle. A plate on the back bears the inscription: "*Independent* Champion's Belt." It is at present on exhibition at Paddy Livingston's sporting house, in Houston Street. It is now worn by Mr. Fiddler's Chicken, who will defend it against all comers.



MR. FLYING IRISHMAN.

Backed by the American Tract Society.

This famous racer's pedigree is unknown. He was first driven to a clam vender's wagon, but showed such speed on the way home to dinner that his owner thought there was real speed in him. So he went to the American Tract Society, and that institution offered to back the now famous, but then infamous, animal to beat the record, which he did without a break in 1:37. Vanderbilt and other monopolists have attempted in vain to buy Mr. Flying Irishman, who is now in the Winter quarters of the American Tract Society, up in Sullivan County. His picture is offered as a premium to any missionary getting up a club of twelve converts to Holiness. Having once eaten his owner's hat right off his head, the latter facetiously remarked that his animal had captured the Derby. In color he is black, with a few polka dots on his left side.



MR. WALTER BENTINCK DE GREY.

Backed by the North American Review.

This phenomenon first saw the light at Newstead Abbey, and commenced life as a shoemaker's apprentice. His great pie-eating power soon gained him the admiration of his friends, and they matched him against several local pie-eating lights, whom he easily vanquished. He then ate forty pies at a sitting before the Queen, at Windsor Castle, by special request, and Her Majesty was so delighted that she sent his aged mother an India shawl on the following day. Mr. De Grey's pie-eating weight is one hundred and eighteen pounds, and the *North American Review* says he can eat more pie than any other man alive for \$5,000 a side.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



He found himself with a host of first-nighters, on Tuesday night, at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE, and he saw and heard all that there was to be seen and heard of "les Manteaux Noirs," a comic opera, which, though with a formidably Gallic title, is formidably English in other respects. A mediæval and ingenious plot, which has done duty in many ways, Spanish costumes as bright as dew-drops on the morning violets, stage setting and scenery to delight the eye of any one with a taste for the beautiful and picturesque, music that suggests a dozen well-worn Italian operas with the heavy ballast taken out, leaving much that is melodious and airily tuneful. Messrs. Parke and Paulton are the authors, and Mr. Bucalossi compiled the music. Miss Dolario, in excellent voice, a clever performance of *Girola*, the village belle; Mr. Ryley, *Don Philip*, a part not in his line; Mr. Mansfield, a new-comer, the miller, *Dromes*, original, funny and dry; Mr. Carleton, the lover, *Don Luis*, martial, handsome, but too heavy and massive; Mr. Wilkinson rather weak as *Don José*. Its brightness, spirit and fun must make "The Black Cloaks" popular.

"We have made many important changes in the interior of this theatre," said the manager of NIBLO'S GARDEN: "and to let the public see just what they are, we have arranged with the Kralffy Brothers to produce 'Around the World in 80 Days,' beginning October 2nd. This is sure to pack the theatre. Besides, the cast is a fine one, the scenery and costumes are new, and the ballet—it is led by *de Gillert*!" And so it is. NIBLO'S is crowded every night. We shall see Théo again; but we are loth to part with her as we must, for a time, to make way for Solomon & Grundy's "Vicar of Bray," now playing at the FIFTH AVENUE. Théo, as *Bettina*, in "la Mascotte" is deliciously Gallicly bucolic. It is a relief to get rid of one of the painfully realistic melodramas. We care only to see horses at the races or in the circus, and we have no stomach for explosions of any sort. WALLACK'S seems much more like itself with "The Parvenu" than with representations of life in the slums. Talking of explosions, there are considerable explosions of applause at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE. It is because the Strakosch English Opera Company is there, appearing in "Fatinitza," "Carmen" and "Lucia."

Let us take a peep at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE—we can't wait for the bridge—and our eye will rest on the Harrisons in their play of "Viva; or, a Sister's Sacrifice." The play is not without merit, and this is high praise in these days of the oilymargarine drama.

Answers for the Anxious.

Send no more, dear correspondent,
Hide it in your anxious breast,
Keep it—burn it—file it—chew it—
Only please give us a rest.

HASELTINE.—She wants you to register.

KAINTUCK.—"What will we take to let up on Haseltine?" Time, Kaintuck, we will take time. Our own time.

WILLY WALY.—You are a tender flower—a sort of a lily-boy. Yet, somehow, one sweetly solemn thought comes to us o'er and o'er—you will bloom best in the rich and congenial soil of the waste-basket, and that is just where we have potted you.

DODO.—Did we receive a poem written in the early Spring—a poem entitled "O Coney Isle!"—a poem that you wrote? Did we, now, Dodo? Let's see. We received several poems along about the early Spring. There was a little one on pink paper—the one that smelt of roses—no, that wasn't yours. Maybe you were the poet who wrote in blue ink on blotting-paper, and it made the Assyrian pup sick when he chewed it up. You were

the Englishman who wrote with a quill pen on a square piece of paper and used so much Latin that we had to throw his poem away just because we set the paper in old-style and there wasn't enough Roman type in the shop to set it up with and we should have had to run over into the italic cases.

HE GOT IT.

AUDENRIED, Pa., Sept. 27th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

It was my firm intention to resist the ever present temptation of purchasing a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS, but I have inadvertently gazed upon your reiterated advertisements until a literary malaria has concentrated all its prostrating efforts within me, and under its immediate influence I am impelled to make instantaneous application for the only periodical from which a permanent and specific relief can be derived. As a sort of mild equivalent I have repeatedly resorted to the perusal of periodicals protected by the names of *The Christian Advocate*, *The Christian at Work*, *Harper's Young People*, and other similar publications too numerous to particularize, all of which are instrumental in conveying a recuperating influence for good. I have been a member of sixteen Sunday-schools, representing as many different denominations, am now a member of, and a teacher in, the First Presbyterian S. S. of this immensely ruralized suburban village. It is radically and positively in opposition to every feature embodied in the laws of said school for members of the same to subscribe for, or pretend to peruse, anything within the circle of the literary arena which bears the slightest semblance to the ordinary *Seaside Library*, PUCK ON WHEELS, or other deleterious issues, which debase the mind, misdirect individual morals, and eventually precipitate the erring soul into the impenetrable abyss of irretrievable insignificance and ultimate destruction. In order to gain the ascendancy over my sensitive and irresistible conscience, I have absented myself from the Sunday-school of my childhood for six consecutive Sundays, hence I have been induced to sufficiently counteract the objections brought to bear by characteristic moral prejudices which have heretofore been instrumental in advising my every desire to become the happy possessor of a copy of the famous PUCK ON WHEELS, and now, since I have accomplished the desired motive, I would most earnestly request your immediate attention and the enlistment of action most expeditious in forwarding to my address the indispensable publication in question. As a remuneration for the same you will please discover enclosed stamps representing the quoted value of one copy of the admired literature.

Very exuberantly yours,

WM. A. BAYLEY.

A SAD TRUTH.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

When Augustus Meadowlark scours the follies of his sex and species, a tenderness begotten of a knowledge of his own frailty restrains him from setting out in his complaint time, place and persons not being of the essence of the action thus instituted against the human family.

Let it suffice to say, in the present instance, that while looking down to-day from his humble fourth story flight, he actually saw the incident which he has tried to present to innocent minds—if such there be in this naughty town—seasoned with a moral. Whether the female in question was a she-bear or a she-bull—which would seem physiologically improbable—he cannot tell. But certain is he that the bald head opposite will not go up unless he mends his ways, as perhaps he may do, dear Puck, when he perceives that your eyes are upon him as well as those of your obedient servant.

A WALL STREET CONTRIBUTION TO AN ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET.

"All of which I saw."—*Virgil*.

I am a Lawyer up three pair of stairs,

B is a Broker just over the way,

C is his shiny old Crown, without hairs,

T is the "Tape" that he watches all day.

L, I regret, is of clients a Lack,

H the long Hours I gaze on the street,

D is a Damsel who comes in a hack,

S what she calls the old simpleton: "Sweet."

W stands for the Window, where she

Pulls the white tape through her little gloved hands,

P for the sly Pats I watched her give B,

F for the Fool that with tape-line she lands.

MORAL.

W's Woman, and M stands for Man,

N is for Naughtiness, J is for Jail,

Y is a Yacht, S of horses a Span,

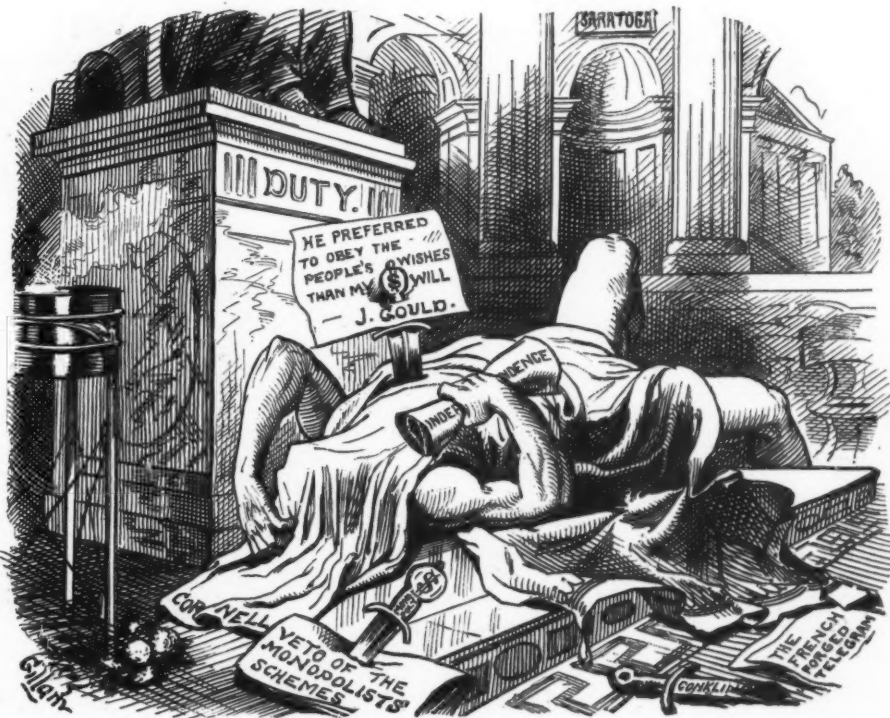
R the long Record of brokers who fail.

AUGUSTUS MEADOWLARK.

The Wheelman is the name of a magazine in the interests of bicyclism, published in Boston under the editorship of Mr. S. S. McClure. It is profusely illustrated, and no conscientious bicyclist should neglect subscribing to it, which will help him to keep a firm seat on the machine.

The Kansas City *Truth* is the latest new newspaper published in the boundless West. Mr. C. C. Johnson, formerly of the *Wheeling Leader*, is the editor. It gives promise of brightness and stayability.

AN AWFUL WARNING.



LET ALL FUTURE GOVERNORS BEWARE.



INWOOD STATION.—(A FACT.)

IMPATIENT PASSENGER:—Will that train ever come?
TICKET AGENT:—I don't know—there is no telegraph wire to this place. You'll have to find out, yourself.

OFFICE
BOYS WANTED
TO DO MENS WORK

Full Grown Men - 3000
Half Grown Boy - 1000
Profits \$20



ISCRPTION.
is Taken and How He Takes Care of His Patrons.

FABLES FROM THE LANIGANESE.

I.—*Le Petit Chat et Son Père.*

Once upon a time a Kitten was playing with its Father, when a Rat appeared and was quickly disposed of by the elder Feline. On the following day, when the Kitten was alone, another Rat appeared—an old Offender that was gray and thoughtful. The Kitten immediately sprang upon the Rat, who grabbed it by the neck and Hammered the floor so hard with it that the Kitten thought it was trying to quell a free fight at a Democratic Primary, and, when it escaped, it went into a mourning Poulitice, and therein remained for a week.

This Fable teaches us how Fortune doesn't smile on the smart young man who tries to put on as much style as his Father without his Father's experience.

II.—*Vulpes et Uvae Acerbae.*

A Fox was one day walking through the woods, when he noticed some Grapes hanging from the topmost branches of a tree. He looked hungrily at the Grapes, and said:

"I know they are sour, but then I need something sour to settle my Bilious Attack."

So he went out on the road to a man who was erecting telegraph poles, and borrowed from him a pair of Creepers, which he adjusted, climbed the tree, and soon descended with a great quantity of the fruit. Having eaten a few bunches, the Fox was so badly doubled up with cramps that he couldn't Walk, and that is the time a Farmer lit on him and broke him all up with a club.

We are taught by this Fable that many of the sweetest things in life are not as sweet as they seem when once secured, that we should never trifle with unripe Fruit after we are grown up, and that it is Folly to risk our lives for Grapes that are worth only eight cents a Pound.

III.—*The Mutable Youth.*

A young man once made a Thousand Dollars writing Poetry, and then concluded there was more money in Plays. So he stole several French plots so ingeniously that no one ever discovered it, and he made Ten thousand a year until he thought keeping a hotel at Coney Island was just the thing to make a man Rich. So he built a hotel that covered an acre, and made Fifty Thousand Dollars the first season. This he Relinquished to become a Monopolist, which paid him much better than running a Hotel. But even a Monopolist, with millions a year, didn't satisfy him, so he became a Hackman, and is now making money faster than ever.

This Fable teaches us that to be truly Happy we should never be satisfied, and that a Rolling Stone gathers a great deal of Moss when it knows how to Roll.

R. K. M.

A FABLE FROM THE LANKITTRICKESE.

The Yearful Owl.

An Owl having arrived at the Conclusion that a great deal more Pleasure was to be got out of Life in the Daytime than at Night, consulted an eminent oculist, who, after due Examination of the optic nerve, immediately Prescribed for his Patient a pair of double-extra No. 18 Myopic blue goggles. The Owl, on flying about the

next day in the blazing Sun, was delighted with the new experience, and was just about to exhibit himself to his fellow Owls, when a Shot from a Gun of the Curator of the Ornithological Museum, who was on the lookout for the Great American Play, ended his career.

The moral of this Fable teaches us that we should always keep Late Hours in order to be sound in mind and body; it also brings Home to us the folly of consulting a Five Dollar Oculist when our eyesight is not impaired.

B. B. V.

MUSICAL EVENINGS.

I hitch and kick upon my bed,
And swear at that galoot—
That fiend incarnate overhead,
Who plays upon the flute.
He knows one tune, and till the Crack
Of Doom he'll play it o'er:
"Oh, carry me back, oh, carry me back
To old Virginny shore!"



Friends, Romans, countrymen, your ears
Can't worse than senseless be;
Rise up, pay off your old arrears,
Or else have pity on me!
Next time he straightens up his back
To fire that tune about,
Then carry him back, oh, carry him back—
Or carry me, carry me out!

N. C. ALTOONA.

CURRENT COMMENT.

PATENT LAWS—Those which enable politicians to keep out of jail.

AN ASTUTE London critic accuses Mrs. Florence and Fanny Davenport of over-dressing. Probably the same critic found fault with Lydia Thompson for not dressing enough.

SOON WILL the poet fume and fret,
And fly around, by Jove,
And it will all be for to get
Some new kind of a triolet
On putting up the stove.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if you can hang a man twice. Why, certainly, certainly; if once isn't enough, give it to him twice, or even three times, if he desires it. Never be mean with a man about to die. Hang him as often as he wants to be hung. It may seem piggish on his part, but, in such a case, even piggishness ought to be tolerated.

WHY, CERTAINLY the canals should be made free. You want to know our argument, do you? All right, Alice; just permit your little shell-like ear to annex with our shirt front with a melodious thud, and we will tell you: It is this, gentle Alice: it is because old Nicholas set the serfs free. You don't see the point, eh? Why, bless your dear little blonde soul, it is this: A canal is a body of water, so is a surf. Now, if a surf should go free in such a country as Russia, shouldn't a canal enjoy all the privileges of emancipation in America? We haven't captured the cream-cake, eh? Well, we don't want it; we don't like cream-cake; it makes our teeth ache.

THE BURGLAR.

The present newspaper topic in London is said to be the propriety of shooting burglars. Any person containing the smallest strata of humanity must see the brutality of resorting to such an expedient as the destruction of a fellow being for pursuing his vocation.

When an exponent of that familiar industry vulgarly termed burgling enters a dwelling, he does it not for the purpose of taking the life of any one.

Then why should any one desire to wilfully cut him down in the hey-day of his career?

Is it returning good for evil, or acting on the eye-for-an-eye and the tooth-for-a-tooth principle, to take a man's life when he only attempts to take your plated ware? Of course it isn't.

Then it is wrong to shoot burglars. It would be far better for every dwelling to keep a salaried missionary, who might lock the door upon the burglar, and reason with him on the error of his ways and convert him to principles of honor and goodness.

There are a number of actors out of employment in the neighborhood of Union Square, and they would no doubt be happy to make dates as missionaries, and, if they couldn't persuade the burglars not to steal from peaceful citizens, they might teach them how to steal from the French.

DANGER FROM WITHIN.



IN OUR NEXT WAR THE ENEMY WILL NOT FIRE A SHOT WHEN HE COMES BEFORE GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, AS WE CAN DEFEAT OURSELVES BY DISCHARGING OUR OWN GUNS.

NOT AN ELECTRIC SUCCESS AS YET.



CAMERON UNDERTAKES THE RÔLE OF SAMSON.

A NEW SCHEME.

"Good morning, sir," said the barber, as a stranger entered his shop the other morning: "what business are you in?"

"Why do you wish to know?" indignantly inquired the visitor.

"So that I may assign you to the proper artist. I am running a new scheme—an idea of my own."

"I don't know what that has to do with me."

"I know you don't, but I am going to tell you, and then you'll say I'm a benefactor. I have artists here who are authorities on different branches, and, while shaving customers in the same line, they talk to them on their favorite topic. I have a sort of college where I train them. Now, if you are a grocer, I'll send you to the representative of that branch of trade, and he will give you points on sump and prunes. He is read right up to date. If you are interested in Egypt, I have the man here who can give you the whole racket from the Pyramids right down to Arabi Bey. Then if you are of a literary turn, I'll send you to my poet. He is an old professional, and is only here temporarily to save enough to buy an overcoat. This is the kind of a snap he gives you:

"The best kind of hair-oil
Is made out of bear-oil.

"Oh, he's no slouch, or he wouldn't be here. I discharged a former poet for chanting in what he called his favorite Tonsorial Dithyramb:

"The epicure and nomad
Use Moriarty's pomade.

"'Nomad' doesn't, and can't be made to, rhyme with 'pomade,' and I only employ first-class talent."

"I'll call in later in the day," said the stranger.

"We'll be full then!" exclaimed the barber: "because all the people around here come in to be posted before making investments. But now I am empty and you have your choice—the chairs of Belles Lettres, Clinical Surgery, Theology, Modern Languages and Fundamental Concepts are at your disposal."

"I don't care for any of those things," re-

marked the stranger, as he backed off toward the door.

"Do you care for politics?"

"I do."

"Then you want to jump right into the chair of Political Information, endowed by me a month ago, and run by an old war Democrat. He will tell you all about Folger and Cleveland. A great deal has been said about the latter being unknown. Jump right into the chair of Political Information, and learn all about this remarkable young man. The professor went right to Buffalo on learning of his nomination, and secured an authentic and unabridged history of the Democratic candidate."

Suddenly rubbing his hand against the back of the stranger's head, he continued:

"Your hair needs cutting badly, and also a shampoo. I think a little of my Wild Violet Tonic will take the pimples out of your face and make it look as good as new, and my Grand Excelsior Steel Comb is—"

But the stranger was by this time up on the sidewalk, shooting forward at full speed, and the disappointed barber stretched himself in the chair of Moral Philosophy and was soon lost in the columns of a morning paper.

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

Prince Louis of Battenburg is a practical printer. He can roll up his sleeves, step up to a "case," bite off a half inch of navy plug, pick up his "stick," and in three hours crowd more glaring errors into half a column of leaded matter than the proof reader can find in a week, just like any untitled printer. But then Louis only prince for amusement; he doesn't have to "stick" type for a grub stake.

Joseph Cook met with a painful accident on his way to Japan. During the prolonged continuance of most vehement meteorological disturbances and electrical discharges and phenomena, accompanied by irregular and violent undulations and movements of the saline aqua, he was abruptly impelled from his insecurely established footing on the superior deck to a recumbent position on the deck subjacent; the

boardness of the deck, aggravated by the nail-ness of the spikes, dismembered the cartiliginousness of the enribbed sides. The injuries caused by the fallness of the fall were skillfully ensurged by the surgeon, and in the near To Be the ecrochasmilated antichism resultant from these saline aquatic porphyritic blendings will leave no residue of their one-time hereness in the system of the sufferer, who will remember them only by their ever-present goneness.

Out in the yard he hears the boom
Of the carpet that lay in the sitting-room.
And shrilly the wife of his bosom calls
For the kalsomine for the kitchen walls.
Out in the wood-shed the old white hen
Mocketh the patience of gods and men.
And she steadfastly sitteth from morn till night,
With misplaced confidence in her might,
On a piece of brick, a broken cob,
A bottle neck and a bureau knob.
And she dreameth the day is near and sure,
When she'll brood on a set of furniture.
So wise men have studied and brooded long,
Trying to hatch the right from the wrong.
And sage politicians have talked and talked,
And talked and talked and talked and talked.
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz;
But it won't be, and isn't, and never was.
And the foolish hen and the man of brain
Have joined at last in a sad refrain:
"Your labor is lost, your argument wrecked,
If your major demise is incorrect."

—R. J. Burdette, in *Burlington Hawkeye*.

An eminent chemist has discovered traces of alcohol in good natural spring water. That explains it! There's another mystery cleared. We've been wondering for years how we got the impression that our honest milkman was serving us with milk punch every day.

"Never mind what you thought, sir," roared the lawyer to the diffusive witness: "and never mind what you believe. Just tell the Court what you know."

"Everything?" asked the witness.

"Yes, everything; it won't take you more than five minutes, I guess."

"Well, then," said the witness, cheerfully: "I'll just begin with that little scrape you had down in Swede Prarie last Winter, when old Elder Newkins fired you out of his smoke-house when you—"

But here the witness was sternly stopped by the shrieking lawyer and the solemn judge, the Court informing him that no one was allowed to be funny or mean in court except the lawyers.

"There is a peculiar charm about Mr. Soft-hed," said Amelia, the day after the ball.

"Yes, I know," said her younger brother: "it's a gold pig, and he wears it on his watch chain, and he wouldn't let me look at it close, though. But pa laughed and hollered, and said it was the best he ever saw, and borrowed it to wear down to the store one day."

And, when the father of that family came home, there was a sound as of a boy in mortal agony without knowing just what it was for.

—R. J. Burdette, in *Boston Times*.

The sufferer from Skin Diseases finds a true friend in the Swayne's Ointment.

CASTORIA.
How babies stomachs once did sour,
How doctors physicked by the hour,
How mothers cried, how they mauled,
How babies kicked, how they squalled,
Till sweet CASTORIA cured them all;
No babies now who bawl—O CASTORIA.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, Nos. 21 & 23 Warren Street, at Ten Cents per copy: 9, 10, 14, 16, 19, 22, 25, 26, 38 and 87.

READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.
MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.
WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

MIRACLE, OR WHAT?

SENORITA JUANITA FERNANDEZ, THE GREATEST MARVEL OF THE AGE.

HER PHENOMENAL VISION ECLIPSING THE EYESIGHT OF THE EAGLE.

A Problem for Scientists. A Puzzle for the Curious.

IS IT CLAIRVOYANCE OR SECOND SIGHT? WILL WONDERS EVER CEASE?

Touching Story Respecting the Life and Love of a Peerless Spanish Beauty.

Oakland (California) Tribune.

It is a trite old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. The experiences of a reporter for the daily press are constantly verifying this fact. Oftentimes the records of a single day would supply the outlines of a most exciting drama. It happened thus during the past week to a reporter of the *Tribune*, who is always expected to keep his eyes and ears wide open, and learn whatever is passing that would be of interest to the general reader. On the arrival of a late steamer from a Mexican port the reporter was on hand for news from the southern coast.

"What have you that is fresh and exciting in the way of news?" was asked of the captain, as the enterprising press representative came puffing up the ladder from the tug alongside.

"News, my boy!" replied the jolly captain. "News! Why, we've got news enough aboard this ship to set the world afire. News! Well, I should say we had brought a budget of news this time that you could well afford to puff and blow to get hold of ahead of the San Francisco sharks. Why, you must have had a sort of presentiment, or something of that sort, that made you fly up that ladder like an old tar; only there should not be any puffing and blowing after it's all over."

"Never mind the puffing and blowing, let's have the sensation. We're dying of stagnation. Come, be quick about it."

"Sensation?" returned the captain, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Sensation! Well, there's the sensation just there by the bowsprit, leaning on the arm of that dark, Spanish gentleman with the light overcoat. She is the sensation, and there's no mistake about it. Isn't she a beauty?"

The reporter was obliged to confess that she was very beautiful, with her large, luminous black eyes, from which "the soul beamed forth in every spark that darted from beneath the lid." Her complexion was a rich olive, characteristic of her race. There was a transparent glow on her well-rounded cheek, and a play of light around her full, ruby lips, which, as they parted in a tender smile, displayed a set of teeth as fair and beautiful as pearls.

Her arched eyebrows and long dark lashes gave a singular beauty to her glorious eyes. Her nose was perfect in outline, with a nostril as delicate as that of a thoroughbred. In fact her features were faultless and her form was of the most delicate proportions.

As the reporter surveyed the beautiful picture, he said: "Yes, yes, this is worth telling; but we need a little romance to make the thing perfect. Is that her lover? Is she married, or what the deuce is it that attracts the crowd about her so eagerly? What is it they are so excited over?"

"That's exactly what I'm going to tell you. It's not romance, it's reality. We've had a sort of miracle aboard this time. We're all converted to the belief that miracles are possible, and that the days of miracles ain't ended yet. Just you listen to my story, and you'll believe what I say!"

Before the old Captain goes on with his strange story we will give the reader a *fac-simile* of the beautiful Spanish maiden as photographed by Morse and engraved by Van Vleck, both well-known artists of San Francisco. The picture, though excellent, cannot do justice to one so beautiful as the subject of this strange story. And as Mr. Morse himself remarked, "I rarely, if ever, met with so beautiful a subject."



We had better let the old sea-captain tell the queer story in his own quaint way.

"You see, my boy, this pretty creature delighted to be on deck, and during the trip she was up here early and late with her brother, who is traveling with her, and whom you now see at her side. She was forever telling what she could see away off in the distance, and I began to think she was a little 'lunatic,' a little 'off color,' as some folks would say. The fact was I couldn't see anything in the direction she would point out. Finally, one afternoon, as she was going on frantically about a sailing vessel that she saw heaving into view, I quietly went up into the wheel-house and took observations with my glass. Sure enough, there she was, a full-rigged vessel, making

good headway toward us but entirely out of the range of the naked eye. I was dumbfounded. I went straight down on deck and asked the lady how it was that she saw the vessel.

"I saw it with my eyes," she responded politely, and that was all she said.

"A few days after this," continued the captain, "there was tremendous excitement on board on account of a mirage in which this sort of a witch claimed to see a town, which she proceeded to describe with minute detail. No one else could see anything but a sheet of mist. That was all I could see. But I knew this wonderful woman was telling exactly what she saw, and this is how she told it:

"I see," she said earnestly, "a beautiful city, with adobe walls and lovely houses, and a plaza set with orange trees in the very heart of the town, and I see soldiers marching, as if on drill or parade. I see a church, and worshippers are going into it. The town lies on the shore of a river, and is surrounded with orange, lime, and citron groves. On the south side a bold rock rises several hundred feet above the valley. On this rock I see an inscription in bold letters which runs thus: 'Acetate de San Jacobo El Gran Remedio Aleman' (St. Jacob's Oil, the Great German Remedy). Oh, how lovely the sun is shining on the river that flows past the town. I can almost hear the martial music of the soldiery as they march down the street."

"As she finished her description," continued the captain, "I was about to go for my glass again to see if I could verify her statement, when an intelligent Mexican on board interposed this information: 'This lady has exactly described my own birthplace, which lies in the direction indicated. It is the town of Hermosillo, on the Rio Sonora. It is the headquarters of the Military Division of Sonora. The great rock, which she so graphically described, overlooks the town, and has been a strategic point during the many revolutions that have torn and rent our unfortunate country. To gain that rock meant victory. The Spanish inscription of which she speaks (Acetate de San Jacobo, etc.) is on the rock, as described.'"

"When asked if she was ever in Hermosillo, she modestly responded, 'No; I have never been away from my home in the mountains until now. I shall be very glad to get back and never leave it again. It is the sweetest place in all the world. Is it not, Fernando?' and she turned her big, lustrous eyes inquiringly toward her devoted brother."

"What do you make of all this?" interrupted the reporter, whose love for the dramatic was roused to fever heat. "Do you think the pretty creature should be burned as a witch?"

"Not just yet," returned the captain. "I am well aware that wonderful scenes can be portrayed in a mirage. I well remember how, in May, '64, I was on the deck of Her Majesty's steamer *Archer*, then cruising off Oesel in the Baltic, where I saw the whole English fleet of nineteen sail nearly thirty miles distant, but apparently close at hand. To be sure they were suspended in the air upside down; and then my old grandfather has often told me how he saw distinctly, at Hastings, on July 27, 1794, for three hours, the whole coast of France, from Calais to near Dieppe. Oh, there's strange things in this world, and no mistake about it," added the captain with evident warmth.

"That girl," he went on to say, "can tell you more news than all the rest of the passengers put together. I'll give you an introduction, if you say so, at least if her brother has no objections."

The brother offered no objections, and the reporter stood almost petrified with admiration and astonishment before this wonderfully beautiful and remarkable Spanish girl. The poet's description was realized in her faultless loveliness, for her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features, seemed to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love himself in love.

The conventional reporter is generally equal to the occasion. But it might as well be admitted that the occasion got the little better of the reporter this time. After figuratively shaking himself up a little, he summoned his wits into a committee of the whole and asked of the brother the following brilliant question:

"Can you tell me anything in regard to this wonderful power of vision that your sister, the Senorita, possesses? It is certainly remarkable."

"Nothing, except that she has always possessed this power, and it seems to increase with the years," politely responded the brother. "We are so accustomed to it at home that it has ceased to be remarkable to us. We cease to wonder at that which we constantly experience. Repetition makes unnatural things seem natural."

The reporter assented, and ventured another question: "Would you object to giving me a brief history of your sister's life? It seems to me, the wonderful vision which she possesses should be known and investigated. It is a matter of rare interest to the scientific world."

"There is really nothing remarkable in my sister's life and career, unless it be the possession of this marvelous power of vision. Of this we know nothing, any more than you do. We simply know it is so, and that it has always been so since she was born. It was discovered when she was a mere child."

The brother, in answer to inquiries, thus summarized her history: "She was born in 1862 on a large Spanish estate back of Huaymas, where she had lived in uninterrupted seclusion from all the rest of the world. She had never been away from home. She had been educated by a private tutor secured from the Mexican Convent de Loreto. This marvelous vision was not caused by any abnormal state of the eyes induced by ill health, as she had never been ill but once in her life, and that was comparatively a recent illness. But all her life long she had possessed this wonderful range of vision, and had enjoyed it as a simply natural gift."

The reporter then ventured to inquire if the fair Senorita would have any objection to having an acknowledged expert optician of San Francisco make an examination of her eyes, and note any striking peculiarities that might account for the remarkable phenomenon of sight.

No objections were made, but a cheerful acquiescence facilitated a movement in this direction, and after a suitable interval of rest, the proposed visit was arranged for with the well-known optician, C. Muller. The reporter requested Mr. Muller, in behalf of the *Tribune*, to make a thorough and accurate examination, and report the same officially, whatever the result might be.

Several steamer friends accompanied the party to Muller's establishment. First of all it was decided that the parties in question should drive to the cliff and adjacent surroundings, carrying with them a powerful telescope. Through this the different members of the party were to take observations, while the omniscient Senorita was to make her observations with the naked eye. That there might be no possible collusion, she requested the privilege of first stating what she saw in any given direction. She described the Farallones, thirty miles away, with

great accuracy and minuteness, the powerful glass confirming what she said.

"I see four fishermen mending their nets in a boat," she remarked, "and a heavy sea is rocking their craft violently as they work. I see immense flocks of sea-gulls, and some of them are carrying mollusks high into the air, dropping them as if to break them and secure the food. There is one that repeats the effort every time he fails. He acts like an old veteran who never knows defeat."

She then described with minute detail many outlying farms, homesteads, roadways, trees, landscapes, and, in many instances, persons allied to the different scenes, and all this by a casual glance, as when one looks across the street. The telescope verified her description in every instance. She mentioned several sailing-vessels, and a steamer that she saw in the distance coming toward San Francisco. In one instance she signaled the cargo, and even mentioned the name of the firm to whom the fruit was consigned, as indicated on the boxes and crates. We give just in this connection the statement of the firm who received the cargo on the arrival of the vessel in port forty-four hours subsequent to this astonishing description. The parties are well known and reliable San Francisco fruit dealers, where they have done business for many years. The telescope in this instance failed to verify the details given—not being powerful enough to span the interval—but, as above stated, the steamer in question came into port in due time, bringing the verification along with her. The reporter, who had been watching her arrival with unflinching faith, took the entire party to verify the wonderful prophecy of the fair, eagle-eyed Spanish beauty. The following is the letter from the firm to whom the fruit was consigned:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

"Messrs. Publishers *Tribune*, Oakland, Cal.

"GENTLEMEN—According to promise, we beg to inform you of the arrival of the steamer 'Rio de Janeiro' with fruit consigned to us. This proves that the statement of the lady referred to was entirely correct.

"Respectfully yours,

"LUKE SRESOVICH & Co."

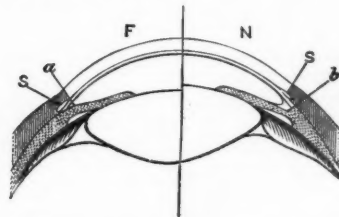
There is no denying these evidences of the senses. The mystery still remains a problem for the scientific to solve. As we before stated, Professor C. Muller was engaged to make a careful examination of the eye, which he did shortly after the return from the telescopic survey and tests. His communication on the subject we herewith append. It will be found full of interest to the scientific portion of the public, and may possibly afford some solution to this most interesting and remarkable case. The following is the letter:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

"Editor *Oakland Tribune*:

"DEAR SIR.—In compliance with your request, I have made a thorough scientific examination of the eyes of Miss Juanita Fernandez, who was introduced to me yesterday morning by a member of your staff. The range of my examination covered every ground known to the science of optics, containing a detailed ophthalmoscopic series of tests and experiments. The anatomical construction of her eyes does not differ materially from those in a normal and healthy condition, excepting in the following respects: Extraordinary large, bright, and prominent. From a pathological standpoint, the nervous membrane, retina, mirror or optical disc of her eyes, appeared in a perfect state of health, free from spots or discolorations. In testing the dioptries of the young lady's eyes for errors of refraction, I discovered a wonderful development of the ciliary muscles, which may, in a degree, account for the phenomenal accommodation of her vision.

"In order to better bring this matter of accommodation of the human eyes within the range of popular understanding, I herewith submit the following diagram, illustrating the researches of leading oculists like Helmholtz, of Berlin, on the subject.



"The diagram represents a horizontal section of the anterior part of an eye. The left half of the figure (F) represents the eye at rest. The right half (N) gives the form and position of the parts when the eye is accommodated for the nearest point of distinct vision. In the eye at rest it is seen that the iris (A) forms a curve near Schlemm's canal (S). On the opposite side, in which the eye is accommodated for near vision, the circular fibers of the iris are contracted, diminishing the size of the pupil with simultaneous contractions of the longitudinal fibers straightening its periphery (B), the anterior chamber is lengthened and diminished in depth.

"I may add that the eminent American authority, Dr. Knapp, of New York, has proven that the changes in the forms of the crystalline lens (see the central portion of the above diagram) are sufficient to account for the most extended range of accommodation, and the same has been proven by Donders and others. In conclusion I must state that the apparent excellent health and physical and mental vigor of Miss Fernandez preclude the possibility of her phenomenal sight being the result of morbid sensibility or hypochondriacal disposition resulting from over-excitement, use of narcotics, etc. Aside, therefore, from the above referred to extraordinary development of the ciliary muscles of her eyes, I am free to say that any positive conclusions as to the young lady's marvelous vision must rest upon theory or speculation alone.

"I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

"C. MULLER, Optician."

This much for the substantial facts in the case, so far as the physical and scientific aspects are concerned, and now we must give our readers the romantic features, so far as we have been able to discover them. Our lady readers, more especially, will be delighted to know there is a love romance connected with this peerless beauty, which accounts for her journeyings from her home to Callao, her present destination. The reporter learned

from one of the party the following facts concerning this beautiful Spanish girl, who is now less than twenty years of age: She is the only daughter of a wealthy Spanish gentleman of large estate, a descendant of nobility, who lives in great luxuriance on his vast domain, caring for nothing but his family and his own comfort and ease. This lovely daughter is the joy of his life. She has never been from home, but has had every possible advantage of study and culture from the most capable tutors that wealth could secure. She speaks fluently in French, German, and English, using them with wonderful facility, the last named being almost as familiar to her as her native Spanish tongue.

Senorita Juanita Fernandez, for this is the full name of our beautiful Spanish heroine, with all her wealth, comfort, and paternal affection, could not be satisfied to live unloved and loveless, especially when a noble, manly heart was suing for her love. And so it came to pass that the old, old story was repeated, and the devoted, faithful, teachable pupil suddenly found herself the devoted, faithful, teachable lover, and for a time it seemed that Heaven had opened to her with its joys. But the implacable father found out the happy secret all too soon, and then came the dreadful struggle. Advice, importunity, severity, and threats were alike futile, for the noble hearted girl was faithful to her love, and all the scorn of a proud parentage, or a so-called plebeian alliance, was of no avail. She felt that "equality is no rule in love's grammar; that sole unhappiness is left to princes to marry blood." She would marry the man she loved or never marry at all.

The tutor was summarily dismissed and sent away. The daughter drooped and faded. All night long she would wander through the orange groves of her father's estate, pining over her lost love, and finally became a victim to a most severe and almost incurable case of isolation. This was during the summer of the present year. The best physicians from neighboring cities were repeatedly summoned, but months of severe suffering ensued. The old father relented sufficiently to recall the discharged tutor, as fears regarding a final recovery were expressed by her family physicians.

Inflammatory rheumatism had set in and the whole system was involved. As soon as the learned *savant* arrived he saw the peril of his pupil and *placé*, and feared the worst. Fortunately he had been to the cities of the coast during his enforced exile, and had heard of and observed with intense interest the marvelous cures wrought by the celebrated Acetate de San Jacobo (St. Jacob's Oil), and had supplied himself with the Renowned German Remedy. Where all was at stake and death seemed inevitable, the iron-hearted old father was willing that any aid should be invoked to save the life of his idolized daughter. The remedy effected a speedy cure. But with health once more restored the old father again set up his relentless opposition of the marriage of his daughter to the man she so ardently loved. This time he did not send the tutor away, but he planned a trip to one of the South American States for his daughter, who was to be *chaperoned* by her only brother. This was done in the hope and faith that separation and new scenes would serve to quench the love which to the blind old father seemed so unreasonable and ill adjusted. This trip found the fair Senorita in due time in San Francisco, *en route* for Callao, as above detailed. As to the *finale* of the romantic love affair there can be a pretty sure prediction. The tutor need not fear her faithlessness, for the beautiful Senorita "loved him with that excellence that angels love good men with." We are glad to be able to inform our readers that the brother is loyal to his sister's choice, and she will find a true friend in him. Senorita Fernandez did not carry herself like one who expected defeat, but like one who was already assured of victory. When the sequel comes, our reader shall be the first to know it. We have the promise of it in due time.

When asked if her wonderful power of vision had not attracted much attention in her native town, it was ascertained, as before stated, that Senorita Fernandez had never left the home where she was born—one of those immense Spanish estates that lie isolated from the busy world—a world in itself, where luxury, ease, and self-centered repose hold eternal sway, unless love enters to carry away captive the warm, ardent affections of a true and faithful heart. Her father and tutor, as well as other *attachés* of the family, were quite familiar with the remarkable powers of vision possessed by the gifted Senorita, but it had ceased to be a marvel from familiarity with the fact.

It is not possible that such a marvelous discovery can long remain a quiet mystery. As Senorita Fernandez moves forward on her journey toward Callao, we may expect to hear of this phenomenon of the nineteenth century, whose power of vision surpasses that of the modern telescope, and who, with her marvelous beauty, grace, sweetness, and affection, mingles the romantic with the wonderful, thus making a most curious and interesting historical chapter in the midst of this wonder-working age.

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A NERVOUS PASSENGER.—"Stop the train! stop the train!" yelled an excited individual, who had been carefully poring over his timetable: "Stop the train quick!" and he made a spring at the bell-cord. A brakeman caught him and held him down until the conductor came. "What's the trouble?" asked that functionary. "Stop the train; I'm on the wrong road!" screamed the passenger. "What road did you want?" asked the conductor, trying to soothe him. "I want the Lake Shore; stop the train!" and the excitable man made another dash for the cord. "This is the Lake Shore!" exclaimed the conductor: "your all right. This is the Lake Shore road!" "Ah-h," muttered the excited man: "I was mistaken! Glad of it! Excuse me!" and he went back to his timetable. "Stop the train! stop the train!" he roared again, after a considerable pause. Once more they caught him and held him securely. "What's the matter now?" demanded the conductor, rather roughly. "I'm on the wrong train! I want to go the other way!" squealed the passenger: "I knew there was something the matter. I am going the wrong way!" "Where do you want to go?" asked the conductor. "Chicago!" yelled the passenger, struggling in the arms of a couple of brakemen. "This is the train! This train goes to Chicago! You are on the right road and right train. Sit down and keep quiet!" It took some time to convince him, but finally he shook hands with the conductor and once more became absorbed in his time-table. "Stop the train! stop her! stop her!" and, as they were not watching for a new outbreak, he reached the bell-cord before they could reach him, and in a few minutes the train came to a halt. "What's the matter with you, anyhow?" demanded the exasperated conductor, as the passenger caught up his gripsack and made for the door: "what's gone wrong this time?" "Did you not tell me this was the Lake Shore road?" "I did, and it is." "Didn't you tell me this was the Chicago train?" "Yes, and I told you the truth." "Well, that's all right as far as you are concerned, I suppose; but why didn't you tell me I had left my wife behind at the dining-station? You might have known by the way I acted that something was wrong, if you hadn't been such a rat-busted fool!" And off he went on a twenty-mile tramp, satisfied that he had at last got hold of the right thing that was wrong.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

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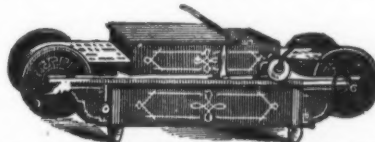
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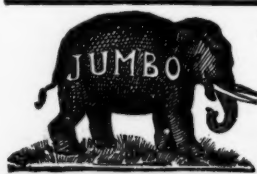
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PROBABLY no class of persons would suffer more keenly from a national prohibitory law than the heroines of stories and novels. It is so now that when the hero and heroine of a story are riding together, and the lady is dashed from her horse or thrown out of the carriage, and is picked up unconscious, the gentleman, no matter what his station in life may be, pulls a flask of brandy out of his pocket as if by magic, applies the contents to her lips, and is immediately rewarded by signs of returning consciousness. If the flask had been filled with water, the unfortunate woman might have died. A clause should be inserted in the Prohibition Act permitting the male lover in a novel to carry a flask of brandy for use in case of accidents.—*Norristown Herald*.

A LADIES' fashion paper says that scissors are held with the broad blade uppermost. This information at last settles a point which has long puzzled a good many American editors who, at midnight, have frequently lost a good item by their inability to decide which blade should take precedence. What they now require are instructions for keeping the mulilage brush out of the ink-bottle.—*Herald P. I.*

"You advertise that there is a fine stream of water on the place, but I don't see it," remarked a stranger who wanted to rent the place. The landlord said: "Just work that pump-handle a little and you will see a fine stream of water. You don't expect to have the Niagara Falls on the place for fifteen dollars a month, do you?"—*Texas Siftings*.

LAND can be bought in Florida at \$1.25 per acre, and the trees in that state can be made to grow oranges on one side and alligators on the other.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

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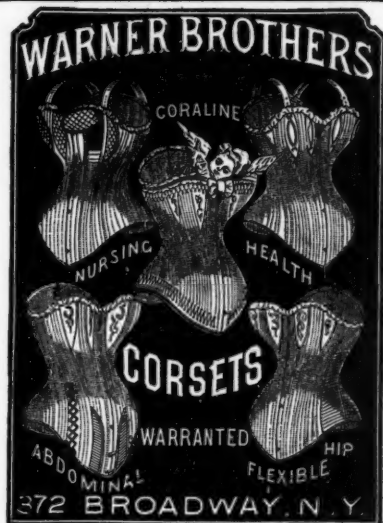
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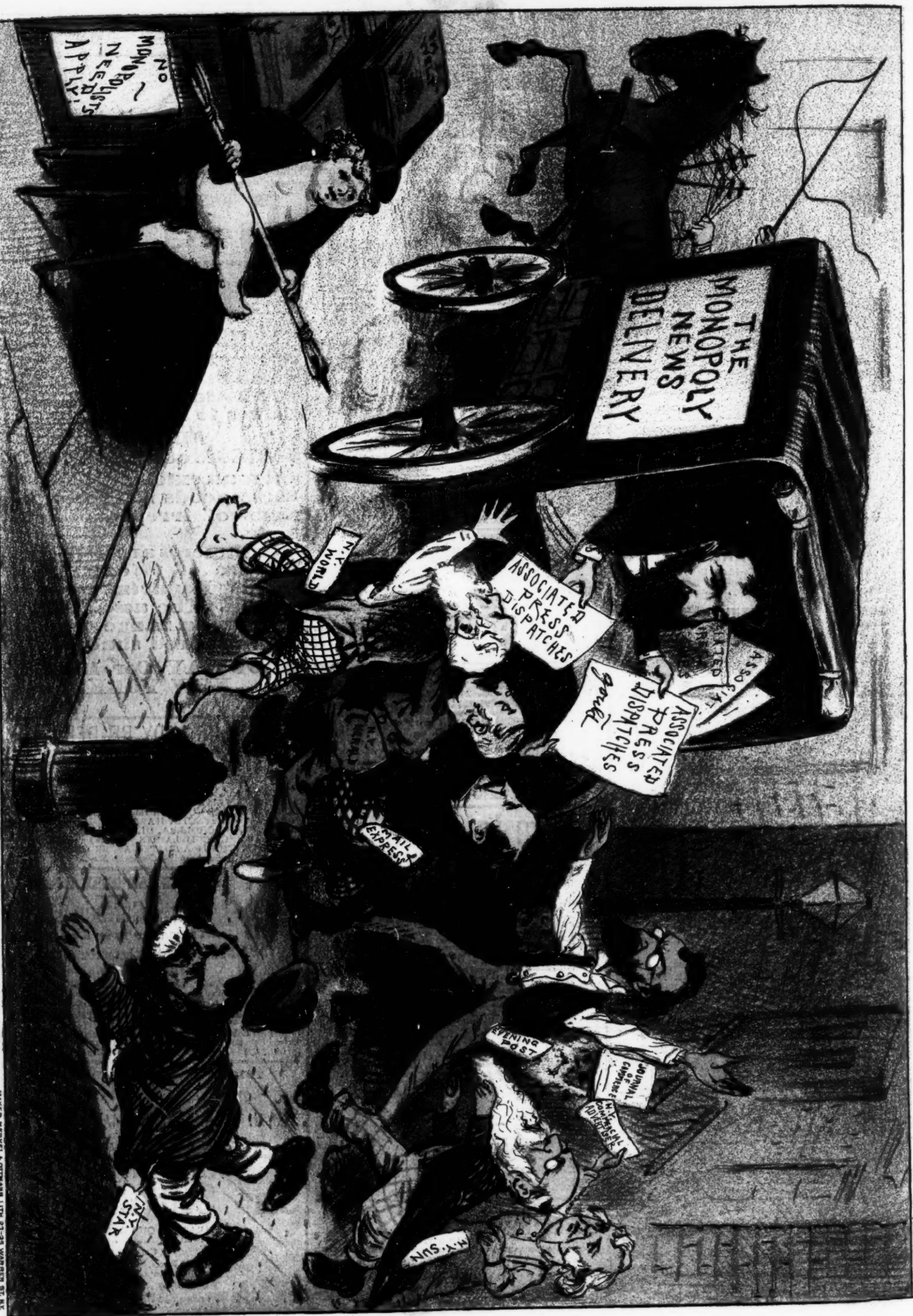
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